

JANUARY 1, 1926

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



LAY off the bulls made by the small-town newspapers," pleads R. S. "They may be spice for the Bursts and Duds page, but lately the page has been too highly seasoned." R. S. may be mostly right. There may be too much pepper in the joke messkit. But he allows himself to be certainly partly wrong. Most of the funny errors and jumbles, typographical or grammatical, which are reprinted are not from "small town" papers. Metropolitan dailies have batting averages as high as county seat weeklies.

* * *

COMPARATIVELY few of the blunders reprinted are taken from the old-fashioned newspaper from which the magazine humorists of an early day drew joke manufacturing inspiration. Even the smallest newspapers today, weeklies as well as dailies, reflect highest standards of writing, editing, typography and financial success. Incidentally, what has become of the old-fashioned editor who used to swap subscriptions for wagonloads of cord-wood and spend his spare time oiling the sanctum shotgun?

* * *

MOST of the newspaper blunders reprinted on the Bursts and Duds page are submitted by Legionnaires of the towns and cities in which the papers are published. Occasionally postmarks show that a slip or twist of language has traveled a long way to reach the threshold of the Bursts and Duds page. For instance, there is this one, in this week's joke messkit, taken from the Stillwater (Minnesota) Daily *Gazette*: "For Rent: Two rooms for students or gentlemen. Breakfast if desired. 916 So. Third St." This want ad was glimpsed by Legionnaire C. P. Carlson, of the Chile Exploration Co., at Chuquicamata, Chile, as he turned the pages of his home-town paper. Mr. Carlson sent it on the 3,000-mile final lap of its journey to the Weekly in Indianapolis.

* * *

JUST because it is old isn't any reason for not recalling here a classic of newspaper blunders. A harassed editor attempted to make a correction and apology in these words: "In yesterday's issue, we regret to state, we quite unintentionally referred to our estimable townsman, Mr. Whoopis, as 'a battle-scared' veteran. What we meant to say, of course, was 'a bottle-scarred' veteran."

* * *

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WHEN Hanford MacNider was a post commander in Mason City, Iowa, he got up one time and told a story about a second lieutenant—which is the rank Colonel MacNider held during the war longer than he held any other—which ends up "And a little child shall lead them—ON A DAMN BIG HORSE." The boys liked the story and MacNider had to tell it the next time he spoke. He kept on telling it—through two terms as Department Commander and one as National Commander—until it became as much a MacNiderism as that roundelay about the skyscraping corn is an Iowayism. By a conservative guess he told that story to a million people in his travels up and down and across the country. It never failed to get a laugh.

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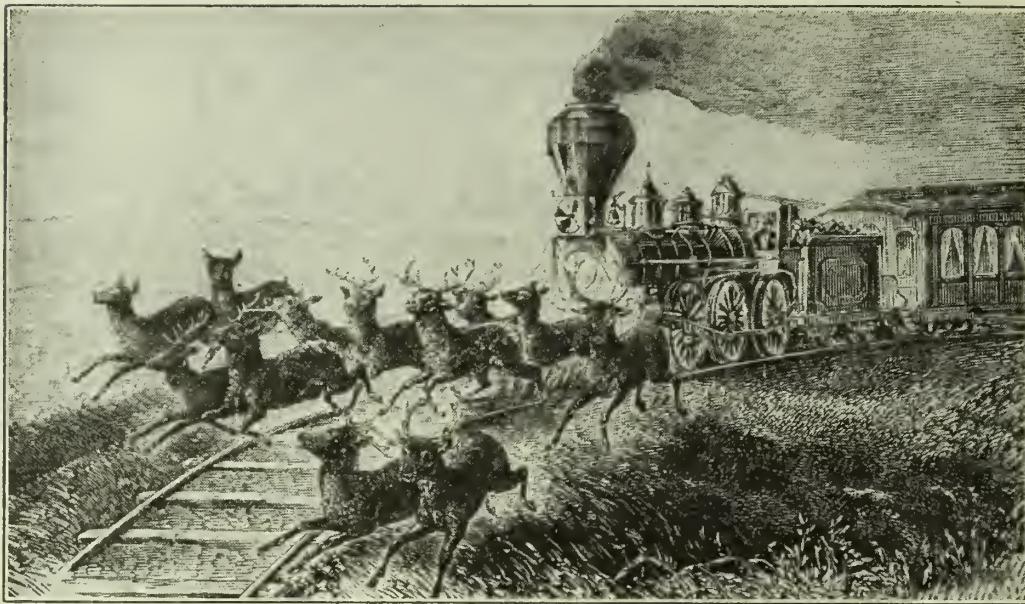
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WELL, Mr. MacNider was made the Assistant Secretary of War a while back and when he went to Washington they gave him a few banquets and dinners and such. At one of these the toastmaster, in a flattering introduction of his subject, climaxed his effort with the DAMN BIG HORSE story. The round of laughter and applause which rewarded this effort was very gratifying to the toastmaster, who, so far as is known, is to this day unaware of the fact that the anecdote he related had ever been heard by his auditors before, and especially by Mr. Secretary MacNider.

* * *

MORRIS HELLER, Commander of Havana Post of the Legion, asks the Weekly to correct some statements in Leighton H. Blood's article, "It's the Only Beach in the Country," which appeared in the November 13th issue. "One statement in particular,"

writes Mr. Heller, "namely that 'the one bathing beach in Cuba is what is called the Playa (beach) of Marianao' is very far from the facts. Cuba has a coast line of over 1,400 miles, not counting indentations, and has many beautiful beaches, the one near the city of Cardenas called the 'Playa de Varadero' being a particularly beautiful beach. Another misleading statement is the one which reads in part . . . a staunch clubhouse which, in architecture and arrangements, surpassed every other building at the resort. Ours is just a plain building with two large locker rooms and baths, and its architecture is about the same as that of the barracks erected at the National Army camps during the late war. At the same beach the Havana Yacht Club, an organization over twenty years old, has erected a \$250,000 clubhouse."



When you rode the Palace Pacific Train between Omaha and San Francisco in the early Seventies, you were certain to get a close view of wild animals, and sometimes an attack by Indians relieved the monotony of the ride. The picture above, taken from a book of the period, shows deer scampering before the engine. It wasn't such a tough assignment, as the train's maximum speed was twenty miles an hour

Going West *de luxe* When The Iron Horse Was Young

PRECISELY how many tens of thousands, or perhaps more accurately hundreds of thousands, of automobiles, each carrying from two to seven passengers and each literally "loaded to the guards," as the phrase went in the old steamboat days, with suit cases and blanket rolls, cameras, tents, spare tires, camp stoves, tools, trunks, vacuum bottles, field glasses, lunch baskets and fishing poles, crossed the country between the Missouri River and the Pacific slope during the summer of 1925, it would doubtless be impossible to estimate and equally unprofitable to know even if the figures were available. In the present day it has become not only customary but almost obligatory for everybody who is anybody in the United States to spend a certain proportion of his summer on wheels, going somewhere or returning from the same. The western plains, the Rocky Mountains with the lesser ranges ramifying from them, and the alluring lands on the sunset side of the Sierra naturally

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

attract their due share, and probably more than their due share, of the annual national migration.

That such a condition exists is no doubt a fine thing. It argues well for the rapidly increasing cosmopolitanism of our people that the manufacturer of the most popular American automobile is able to advertise broadcast that the

twelve millionth car of that brand is now on the road. For the inexhaustible energy of this particular type of motor vehicle has been the most potent factor in enabling vast numbers of Americans to view the limitless wheat and corn fields of the prairie States, "the bread-basket of the world," to gaze in awe upon the wonders of the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks, to become dizzy on the rim of the Grand Cañon, to be moistened by the shattered spray of Yosemite Falls and, in general, to disport themselves in the hitherto inaccessible and mystery-enshrouded corners of the continent.

But, though it be freely granted that every right-minded and patriotic American should rejoice because he, his family and his fellow citizens are able to peregrinate so freely over the length and breadth of the land, taking snap-shots from peaks which Fremont the Pathfinder would have given an eye-tooth to ascend, and drinking hot coffee from a thermos bottle beside mountain girdled lakes which Lewis and



The palace car singing circle gathered about what looks like an organ of the type used by traveling revivalists of the Moody and Sankey era. The blanketed Indian doesn't look very animated, but the rest of the company seems to be having a good time, possibly with "Wait for the Wagon" or "John Brown's Body"

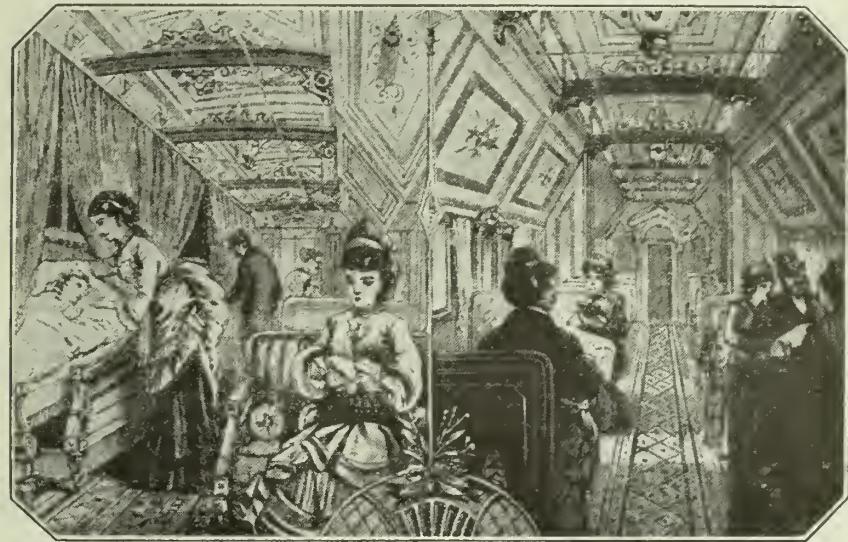
Clark knew only from the half-fabulous stories of Indian guides, it yet may be questioned whether such places today are touched with quite the same ineffable radiance of wonder and romance as was theirs some decades ago, before they became so easy of access to hurrying throngs of tourists.

It is not that the presence of our fellow beings in itself necessarily corrupts the atmosphere of romance. The valley of the Loire would be a sorry region without its numerous people, its frequent villages of gray stone walls and red tile roofs, its châteaux which have focused the colorful incidents of a past that goes far back toward the dawn of history. The people themselves are of the very essence of the charm of a country like France. But the essence of the charm of the western United States, on the contrary, has been thus far its solitude, its mystery, its virgin grandeur. Perhaps in centuries to be it too will become, like Switzerland, a land in which the cottages and the hamlets are as vitally a part of the scenery as the mountain peaks robed in perpetual snows. But that time is not yet. We are still too close to the days of exploration and conquest which constituted the epic period of America's development; a period utterly unique in the history of the world, never to be duplicated elsewhere.

Consequently, when a person of ruminative disposition chances at twilight on one of these later days to wander, let us say, beside a wooded bank of the Platte River in Nebraska, endeavoring in fancy to repeople the purple shadows of the woodland with the figures of an Indian band gathered about their camp fires, or the river shallows with a herd of bison migrating from one vast domain of prairie pasture to another, and stumbles, in-

City, the fact is forcibly borne in upon him that he is a sojourner in an age of transition, wherein the old order has vanished and the new has not yet acquired the sanctions of antiquity. Not that the seventeen motor cars are in themselves less pleasing to look upon, to say nothing of being far more com-

fortable, than seventeen Conestoga wagons, each drawn by six or eight span of oxen, which may perhaps have camped in this same grove on a day sixty-five years ago, bound for the gold fields of California or the Mormon settlements by the Great Salt Lake. But herein seems to be the crux of the



Night and day scenes in the palace car. At the left, view of a berth. The sloping panels in the view at the right suggest upper berths, but it was in later years that Mr. Pullman got the idea of making two beds where only one had been before

fortable, than seventeen Conestoga wagons, each drawn by six or eight span of oxen, which may perhaps have camped in this same grove on a day sixty-five years ago, bound for the gold fields of California or the Mormon settlements by the Great Salt Lake. But herein seems to be the crux of the

either out of season. In other words, he cannot live close to nature if he wants to. Moreover, he is in no danger of personal violence unless of his own volition he gives a lift to some innocent looking pedestrian who thereupon holds him up and takes his car or his money, whereas your Forty-niner or your pilgrim to Deseret ran the risk of being punctured with Indian arrows and his body left to dry up on the plains beside the demolished wagon on whose canvas cover he had painted, "Pike's Peak or Bust," or words of like optimistic import.

Such thoughts and many of similar nature passed through the mind of the writer when one day recently while browsing through his library, a large part of which came to him from his parents, pioneers of the old West, he happened upon a yellowed and half-forgotten volume bound in limp canvas covers, entitled, "The Pacific Tourist." It was published in New York in the early '70s and the sub-title conveys the information that it contains "full descriptions of places of most noted scenery in the far West, also of all cities, towns, villages, U. S. forts, springs, lakes, mountains," and likewise the "best localities for hunting, fishing, sporting, and enjoyment, with all needful information for the pleasure traveler, miner, settler and business man."

This is a comprehensive claim but the old guide book fulfills the promise of its title page quite adequately. One cannot turn its musty leaves and remain long insensible to the freshness, the vastness, the alluring wonder of the West which it describes. When those leaves left the printing press the Civil War was scarcely further in the

(Continued on page 16)



A street scene in San Francisco, grown by the Seventies to more than a quarter of a million inhabitants, but still a frontier settlement in every sense of the word

stead, upon a tourist camp wherein seventeen separate and distinct parties of dust-begrimed travelers are cooking their suppers on the camp gas plates, drawing water from the camp hydrant, utilizing the camp garbage cans and comparing notes on the wages of harvest hands in Oklahoma and North Dakota or the respective merits of the roads around Kalamazoo and Cañon

whole matter. The people with the Conestoga wagons had no garages conveniently at hand to supply them with fuel and repair, no corner groceries at which to buy butter and cream and canned goods. They carried their own bacon, if they had any, from Council Bluffs to Sacramento; otherwise they subsisted by shooting buffalo and antelope and prairie chickens and catching

Who's Who and What's What

By RICHARD SEELYE JONES
Executive Secretary, American Legion Endowment Committee

IGHTEEN departments, besides Kansas, which completed a successful campaign in 1924, had on November 30th transmitted to the National Treasurer sums in excess of their accepted quotas for The American Legion Endowment Fund. Several other departments have reported exceeding of their quotas, but complete remittances have not yet been made to the National Treasurer. The list of honor roll states will grow rapidly as remittances come in. In States not yet over the top, many communities are planning to carry on the endowment campaign. The Seventh National Convention at Omaha passed this resolution:

"We regard the raising of this fund as a continuing responsibility with all departments and posts—until every community in the United States, and especially every one in which there is located a post of The American Legion, shall have taken part."

In addition to the departments listed, several outlying and foreign departments to which no quotas were assigned have made large contributions, the departments of Panama and Mexico taking the lead in this respect.

The largest individual contributor, to date, to The American Legion Endowment Fund for disabled men and the orphans of veterans is a foreigner. This may seem odd in a country which has its Rockefellers and Fords, its Dukes and Eastmans and Morgans and Mellons. And, odder yet, the biggest giver to the Endowment Fund for the disabled and the orphans of the World War is not a rich man. He has been rich, and he could be rich again if he wanted to stop giving to things like the war's sufferers. He threw one fortune into the war, and learned in doing so that the giving of fortunes is a far, far greater thing than the making of them. The fortune he spent to make a nation of his native Poland, and the years he spent in service to his fatherland, are a greater memory to Ignace Jan Paderewski than his greatest triumph as the premier pianist of the world. By giving of himself and his means in the cause of his patriotism, Paderewski came closer to the war and to its meanings than most citizens of the world. To this master artist and master statesman, the part of the American doughboy in the war is especially real. Himself almost an American, but clinging through long years to his dream of a free and re-united Poland, Paderewski came early in the World War to realize that only American participation could ensure

both the victory which would make possible a liberated Poland, and the justice around the peace table which would guarantee the rights of his thrice divided people. America in the World War was as close to the heart of Paderewski as Poland at war. It was a part of his great cause. Perhaps in that background may be found the incentive of Paderewski's great gift last month to The American Legion.

Giving the whole proceeds of four concerts in four leading cities of the East, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston, the great pianist's contribution will total above twenty

man of that fund. Paderewski had a warm interest in it. So had Mr. White. The Legion fund was designated.

And so a foreigner has made the largest cash contribution to the endowment. And yet perhaps not the largest gift. What of Kenesaw Mountain Landis, whose moving eloquence has been heard on not four occasions, but more nearly forty, over the length and breadth of the land, telling the story of the disabled and the orphans? How to measure his aid? Of what value his trips by airplane across state after state, speaking everywhere for the Endowment?

And what of the help given by President Coolidge and Vice-President Dawes, and General Pershing, and Madame Schumann-Heink, and General Harries, and a hundred more? The list stretches on through all the states and all the walks of life. Perhaps Paderewski did not give the most. One cannot be certain but that a greater gift came from a French war orphan, one of those children "adopted" by the American outfits overseas, who collected enough five and ten centime pieces to make one whole American dollar, and sent it over for the American orphans fund.

"What state has done most for the Endowment?" was a frequent inquiry at the Omaha convention, and since. Again, who can say what is MOST. As this is written Pennsylvania has forwarded the most cash to

the National Treasurer. When the convention opened at Omaha, California could claim that distinction. Perhaps before another three months New York will have given most. To New Hampshire must go the honor of having given most in proportion to her size and wealth—of making the largest oversubscription of her quota. She alone can point to a 300 percent record for a whole state. Arizona, with better than 200 percent, and the two Dakotas, take high rank in percentages of oversubscription.

Kentucky, the first state over the top, performed a notable Endowment service by the force of her example. This pioneering helped, and Utah similarly led the way later in the West, and Delaware in the East. Massachusetts was the first of the states in the class above a hundred thousand dollars to reach her objective, and to the Bay State also went a pleasant distinction, that of sending to National Headquarters the largest single check, a bit of paper worth \$202,037.55 which arrived at Indianapolis on July 15, 1925.

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The ROLL of HONOR

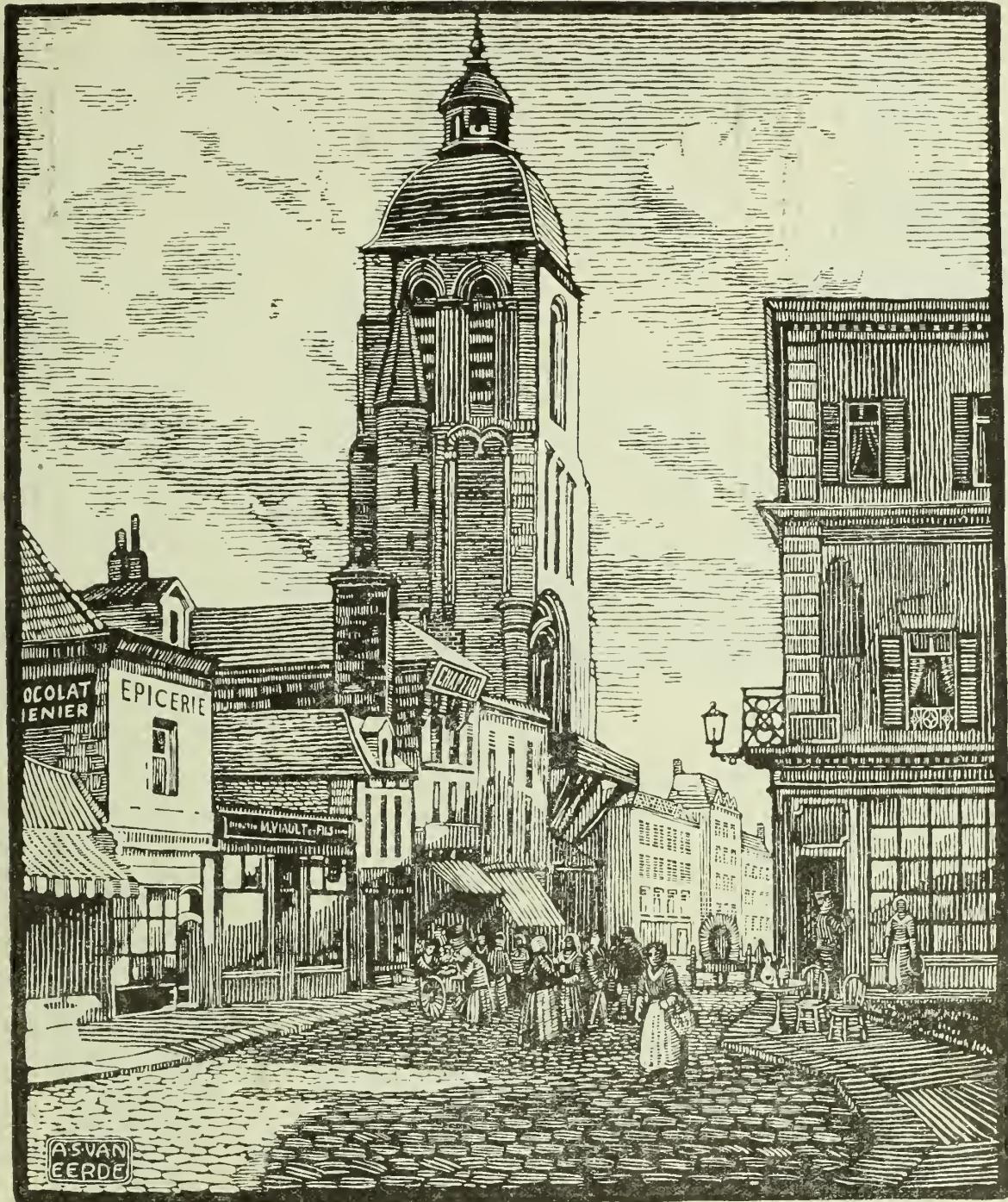
The following Departments have, as of November 30th, exceeded quotas allotted them in raising the Legion Endowment Fund:

| | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Arizona | Nevada |
| Arkansas | New Hampshire |
| Delaware | New Mexico |
| Florida | North Dakota |
| Idaho | Oklahoma |
| Kentucky | South Dakota |
| Massachusetts | Utah |
| Montana | Virginia |
| Nebraska | Wyoming |

Corners of A. E. F. France

II. *Tour de l'Horloge, Tours*

from a drawing
by A. S. VAN EERDE



TOURS, France, based its chief claim for fame during the World War as headquarters of the Service of Supply, that vast organization directed by Major General James G. Harbord, which handled the thousands of tons of supplies and ammunition used by the two million men of the A. E. F. Situated 145 miles southwest of Paris, the city was at a considerable distance from the fighting front, but Tours at one time knew this same enemy well. From January 10 to March 8, 1871, during the Franco-Prussian War, the city was occupied by the Germans. The Tour de l'Horloge, pictured above, is one of the ancient landmarks of the city and with the Tour Charle-

magne is all that is left of what was once one of the most luxurious and powerful churches in Europe. During the fifth century a splendid basilica was built around the shrine containing the remains of Martin, who in the year 371 was Bishop of Tours, and who some years later was sainted. This church of St. Martin was pillaged by the Normans in the ninth century, rebuilt in the 12th century and again partially destroyed by the Huguenots in the 16th century. The final blow, however, which resulted in the disappearance of the church, was given by Revolutionists in 1798. A modern street, the Rue des Halles, now traverses what was once the nave of the church.

Not Who or Where You Are, But What You Are

IT is not who you are or where you are that counts, but it is what you are. A fifteen-year-old Illinois school-girl, born in the second largest city in the country, motherless since her fourth birthday, reared since



MISS ELIZABETH SHANKLAND
First Prize

her mother's death by her grandmother in a small town in Illinois, has won the first prize in The American Legion National Essay Contest for 1924-'25. She is Miss Elizabeth Shankland, and her home is at Watseka. The first prize is a scholarship award of \$750. Elizabeth, when she finishes high school, may use it to continue her education in any college or university or other educational institution in the country which she may select.

The second prize in that contest has been won by a fourteen-year-old girl who lives in the foothills of the Ozark mountains of Arkansas and has never gone to school a day in her life. The prize is a scholarship award of \$500. The life story of Gertrude Carter Stockard of Mountainsburg, Arkansas, who has won this prize, is so strange and surprising that it constitutes almost an epic of youthful achievement.

In the freshman class of an agricultural college in Massachusetts is a boy, not long past his eighteenth birthday, who once dreamed of becoming a physician, but was able to enter college only because he refused to be daunted by circumstance and worked hard to get the money he needed for his expenses. He is Earle A. Tompkins, whose home is in Easthampton, Massachusetts, and he is the winner of the third prize in the essay contest, a scholarship award of \$250. The money he has been awarded comes to him at a time when it probably will shape the course of his future educational career.

Elizabeth Shankland, Gertrude Carter Stockard and Earle A. Tompkins wrote the three essays which were adjudged the most meritorious among 200,000 submitted to the National

Americanism Commission of The American Legion by boys and girls of school age in every state of the Union. The subject of all essays submitted was this question: "Why has The American Legion, an organization of veterans of the World War, dedicated itself, first of all, to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America?" This subject was personally designated by Past National Commander James A. Drain.

The essays awarded the national prizes, and the whole number of essays submitted as well, gave triumphant proof that among the school children of the nation exists that understanding of the fundamental principles of our government which is the most certain guarantee of tomorrow's citizenship. In addition to the national prizes, medals were awarded to the boys and girls of each State who submitted the essays which won first and second places in state competitions. The national prize-winning essays were

she could attend is twenty-four miles away, she finds her own home a school house. Luckily, however, she has not had to rely on books alone, for her mother had been a teacher for fifteen years in the schools of Eureka Springs and Fort Smith, two Arkansas cities. Miss Stockard is now completing her high school and college English course under her mother's instruction and is taking other necessary studies by correspondence from Columbia University. In addition she is finishing a correspondence course in poultry farming, judging and breeding, and she mixes practice with theory tending her own flock of white leghorns. Already she has completed a correspondence course in typewriting, and, having had several of her drawings accepted for publication by magazines, she is planning to take, some time, an art course.

Once a week Miss Stockard drives twenty-four miles in the family's automobile to Fort Smith, Arkansas, where in two and one-half years she has completed courses in a school of music which other students do in five years. This in spite of the fact that muddy roads sometimes make the music lesson drive impossible. After completing the third grade in piano, Miss Stockard has just taken up voice. And now ahead lie the courses to come—the completion of a musical education in New York City at the same time that she works for two degrees in Columbia University.

Earle A. Tompkins, the winner of the third prize, is puzzling over the problem of his future education. If the outlook had been brighter, he would now be taking the preliminary courses of a medical student, but to young Mr.



MISS GERTRUDE C. STOCKARD
Second Prize

chosen from the winning essays of all the States.

When a telegram carried to Miss Shankland the news that she had won the first prize, it seemed to bring reality to her dream of becoming a concert pianist. In her grandmother's home, since her sixth birthday, she has been taking lessons on the piano, and at the age of twelve she started giving lessons on the piano to other girls. She now has a class of eight pupils. When she finishes her high school course—she is now a Junior—she hopes to attend Northwestern University.

Another telegram carried good news to the 240-acre farm in the Ozarks of Arkansas where Gertrude Carter Stockard, the girl who never went to school, was cherishing the dream of rounding out an education well-begun with courses in a school of applied arts and a conservatory of music.

Miss Stockard rides horseback, raises chickens and has dogs and ponies for pets, living out of doors most of the time. Because the nearest school



EARLE A. TOMPKINS
Third Prize

Tompkins the long years of preparation and the unusually heavy expenses that precede a medical career seemed barriers insurmountable. So Mr. Tompkins is going ahead with his first year courses in the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Eventually, he believes, he will find his life's work in

(Continued on page 14)

This Business of More Than Making the Grade

By A. V. LEVERING

THE only casualties incurred by Alonzo R. Irvine on July 20, 1918, were gassing, two ankles broken when he was blown up by a high explosive shell, and shell shock resulting from the explosion. Aside from these few things, there was nothing much the matter with him when they carted him off to the hospital.

And, by the same set of standards, there was little the matter with him when he was discharged on July 5, 1919. He was still suffering considerably from the gassing; his left ankle was weak—and for that matter still has to be humored; and the nervous effects of the shell shock were strongly enough felt so that he found it difficult to concentrate on anything very long at a time.

Before the war Irvine had been a student. He had been appointed to the Naval Academy by winning a competitive examination in his home district; he had gone to school in Washington to prepare for the Academy examinations, and had then failed in geometry in the actual examination for admission. He had gone back home, convinced that he did not want to become a naval officer. But before he announced that decision he studied up in geometry, got another appointment, and passed the admission examinations to the Academy. He didn't like the idea of letting even a stiff examination lick him.

Then he went to college for a while, studying electrical engineering. In vacations and the like, he worked for the telephone company in his home town of Salt Lake City, and in the electrical department of the Utah Copper Company at Garfield. The war came along, and Irvine joined up with the 12th Infantry shortly after the declaration of hostilities. After the draft started, he was a drill sergeant with the 354th Infantry. And when he got overseas he became a scout for the Battalion Intelligence Section of the 38th Infantry, Third Division. It was here that he saw his active service.

He got his gassing when he gave his gas mask to a wounded man of the outfit who had none. Then he foraged himself another, as the shelling got pretty heavy; and after he had it on, the h. e. got him. After almost a year in hospitals in France, Irvine came home to Salt Lake City.

He started in to work again with the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company. He couldn't stand the work—although he knew it well from before the war. He tried the Utah Copper Company again—and again he couldn't make the grade.

Most men would have been satisfied to remain invalids under the handicap of wounds that Alonzo R. Irvine carried. But Irvine (left) refused to lie back, and is making a conspicuous success as a realty salesman in Salt Lake City



"These people gave me every consideration," Irvine says, simply. "But I couldn't take advantage of the opportunity they gave me. I just wasn't up to it."

Many a man, faced with failure in two callings and with that lowered morale that only too easily accompanies poor health, would have soured on the whole proposition of making good. But Irvine was made of a different stuff. His experiences before the war had proved to him that the man who plugs along, doing the best he can each day, will finally get what he's after. So when someone mentioned vocational training under government auspices, he didn't hesitate a minute about making application for it.

Assigned to the University of Utah, he began his studies in February, 1920. He got along well from the start. To be sure, the nervousness resulting from shell shock made it difficult for him to concentrate on studying. But he got along reasonably well; the faculty, he declares, co-operated in every way in their power to help him. He left school in March of 1923, having qualified for the degree of Business Administrator, and went to work for the Central Trust Company as a salesman in the real estate department.

Real estate didn't seem too easy to sell. Irvine plugged along just as hard as he could; but he didn't seem to get the results. For three months, he made a pretty sad showing as a real estate salesman. Then he hit his stride. He began making sales, good big sales, and plenty of them. And an employer who

had, in truth, been considering whether he could afford to carry this unproductive salesman now recognized him as an unusually good man. The turn in the road had come. Hard luck and poor health had not been able to down him, because he had gone into the fight with a determination to overcome his handicaps. We may admire the pioneer conquering a wilderness, but his exploits are no more notable than those of the man of today who more than makes the grade after repeated blows of fate.

"I had not contemplated anything like my present occupation, before the war," admits Irvine. "But I like it very much more than I should have liked engineering if I had kept on with that. I like to meet and mingle with people; that is exactly what this work consists of."

"As to its profits, I am more than satisfied with results. Conditions here have been very dull since I have been at this work; but so far I have been making a better income than I could have hoped to make as an experienced electrical engineer—and I am still green in this business. I seem to have got the better of my disabilities; I am only infrequently bothered by any of them now."

As a matter of fact, the local Veterans Bureau office declares that Irvine has done better from a monetary standpoint than any of the other trainees in the district. And this, after all, is not such a bad showing, considering that his handicaps are simply a pair of bad ankles, shell-shocked nerves, and lungs severely seared by gas.

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Two New Year's Resolutions

THIS is the day for making resolutions. The practice may well apply to aggregations of persons as well as to individuals. Posts and departments of the Legion, it is to be expected, are making two major resolutions today, first, that in every case where the quota assigned for the Endowment Fund was not raised that the campaign will be pushed vigorously until the money is in hand; second, that the 1926 objective of one million members will be reached, and reached early in the year.

As was pointed out in last week's issue of the Weekly by Richard Seelye Jones, Executive Secretary of the Endowment Committee, failure of some posts and departments to raise their quota of the five million dollars has caused the National Finance Committee no little apprehension. "It finds a fund far from complete, and must make heavy inroads on other funds, or greatly curtail the work for the disabled and the orphans."

That the program which the Legion has formulated for aid of the disabled and the orphans will be curtailed during this year or in any year to come is unthinkable. The history of the Legion proves that its first concern is for the men who came back from the war shattered in body or mind, and for the children of these men as well as of those who did not come back. A resolution that come what will the raising of the Endowment Fund be completed so that during all the years "the least of these" will be protected should be first on every Legionnaire's list this New Year's Day.

What the Legion has been in its seven years' existence and what it can be with an increased membership should make every Legionnaire resolve to do his share toward making the goal of one million members attainable. It is no mere platitude that in union there is strength, and that the more members an organization has, the greater its power to accomplish things. The Legion is a constructive force in community, State and Nation. It has done big things and it will do bigger things as the years go by. To have a part in this work is something that cannot be bought. The time is not far distant when there will be few ex-service men outside the Legion. That should be the case now. Such membership means an acceptance of the challenge of service in these piping days of peace as it was accepted in the dark days of 1917 and 1918, a challenge to help build a better America.

There Is No Other Side

BY THE use of the electric arc or a flame produced by oxygen and hydrogen, the mechanic may often repair a cracked piece of steel, a vital part of an automobile's mechanism, so that it may be counted upon to withstand safely all future strains. For all practical purposes the piece of steel may be made as strong as it was when it was first shaped by its makers.

But the parts of the human body, once impaired or shattered, may not be patched up so perfectly. Nature is a first-rate mechanic, and when permitted to work by her slow methods, unhandicapped by human interference, she will make mighty good repairs; but unfortunately there is no certainty that the parts of the human mechanism she repairs will be able to withstand all the stress and strain

that may later be put upon them in the rigorous business of getting a living.

Human lungs are not steel, and physicians have no magic electric arc or oxygen flame that will weld destroyed tissues. Therefore, a man who has suffered from tuberculosis and has conquered it with the aid of nature must be aware that slow speed and careful driving must govern his whole future life. The old lesions in his lungs may have healed, but should he yield to the seeming necessity of over-hard work or the temptations of energy-consuming pleasure, or should he through mischance find himself undergoing hardships or exposure, the healed lesions will break out and he will once more suffer from tuberculosis in an active stage.

Happily, a large percentage of service men who have been patients in the tuberculosis hospitals of the Veterans Bureau have been discharged as arrested cases. Unhappily, too many of those so discharged have had to return to hospitals because the disease reasserted itself in an active stage. Every hospital in the country could give testimony to this fact.

Physicians know that many of the men discharged from hospitals face conditions which are almost certain to bring them back to the hospitals. Unfavorable conditions in mode of living and the stresses and strains of ordinary life which they must encounter make a relapse only a question of time. There is a real element of tragedy in the fact that many of them advance bravely toward that inevitable relapse simply because they must earn a living in competition with strong and able-bodied men.

Under the existing practice of ending or reducing to a pittance the disability compensation payment when a patient is discharged from hospital as an arrested case, the weakened man must in most cases immediately find work. Usually he has dependents whom he must support—a wife, children, or aged parents. He sees his own plight as a dilemma. If he exerts himself to his utmost, as he is bound to want to do to help those dependent upon him, he knows he is hastening the day of a breakdown. If he purposely engages in an occupation suited to his condition, his earnings will be comparatively small and he will experience the agony of seeing those dependent upon him suffer.

The American Legion has set as one of its legislative objectives this year the passage of a law insuring permanent and partial disability ratings of fifty percent for men classified as arrested cases. In addition to this law, the Legion, by the terms of a resolution adopted at the Omaha national convention, will seek passage of a law insuring permanent and total disability ratings for persons suffering from tuberculosis that has actually been demonstrated to exist to that degree considered by competent physicians to be moderately advanced.

No other argument should be needed for the passage of these laws than that of fundamental humanity. If ever there has been a case in which there was no other side, this is it.

* * *

To the old timer most modern dance steps are steps backward.

* * *

In these days when every other human being owns a camera one must not only be a good listener but also a patient looker.

* * *

It has now been definitely determined that the revolving door was designed as an air-tight defense against the bass-drum salesman who carries samples.

* * *

An Indiana bandit fled after a woman restaurant cashier invited him to help himself from the cash register. May be it was full of two-dollar bills.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

Young 1926 takes the calendar. Old 1925 has a kindly record to be filed away in history. There is a better feeling throughout the world than

A Six After the Two a year ago. We have seen the French and Germans shake hands and pledge themselves to peace at

Locarno with the rest of Europe a party to the compact.

Except for the farmers of certain sections—don't forget them!—it has been a year of great prosperity for America. Organization and the reduction of waste are giving us more for our labor. Taxes have been reduced.

More people are going to church as the result of the revival of religious feeling. A juster law is on the statute books for disabled veterans. The five million dollar Endowment Fund is virtually in hand. Vast sums have been given for other good causes. Educational opportunities are better. More are enjoying them. There are a multitude of young Americans with us now who were not with us a year ago. Many of these are sons and daughters of Legionnaires.

We must continue last year's record and improve upon it. Locarno becomes only a broken resolution unless the spirit of peace is behind it. We **Old Year's Message to New** must increase sound prosperity and get still more for our labor.

The richer we are the keener our sense of gratitude should be to those who paid the price in making our prosperity possible; the more reason we have for lending a helping hand to the unfortunate. We must have still more and better schools. The growth of religious feeling is unsound unless it includes an increase of tolerance. The Legion and Auxiliary must continue to give us more young Americans. This is a much better way to increase population than by immigration.

Here is a letter which speaks for itself in the midst of the membership campaign. It is from W. H. of Tulsa,

Is This True of Many Posts? Oklahoma, who is eighty years old, and an Honorary Member of O. B. Nelson Post, Ottumwa, Iowa. His older brother, a Harvard graduate, fell in the Civil War. At nineteen he himself enlisted, but too late to reach the front and get the "little bronze button." He speaks of himself as "out of luck" like the men who did not get overseas. His only two sons were overseas. One returned.

"I recently met a man and his wife," W. H. writes. "He was a mechanic who volunteered; was in service at several points from Central West to San Francisco; became a member of a post in a small town; his wife an 'Aux.' He found the overseas boys kept largely to themselves. They had stories to tell. He had none. So, after a while, he quit. Yet all served under the same flag, as ordered. I told him, on our membership drive, he must rejoin. He doubted. I turned to his wife, and said, 'You help me.' She said 'Yes.' Well, the battle is more than half won. I am writing to you, for I read The American Legion Weekly. Push the point, for there must be many posts which have lost through similar action."

It does not seem to me that the point needs any further pushing. This eighty year old Honorary Member,

brother of a man who fell in one war and father of a man who fell in another war, has driven it straight home. What is the answer?

Some people are against New Year's resolutions because they are usually broken. Even so, something may be gained. There was the town

The Resolute in Resolution drunkard of old who used to sign the pledge every New Year's day. It was the town joke that on the average he kept it only for a week.

"But remember, it kept Bill sober for a week," said an optimist. "What do you expect from Bill—miracles?"

Bill's intentions were honest when he signed, but he was human, his flesh weak and his taste strong. There is something in good intentions. They are a starting point. If we never made resolutions we should have no resolutions to try to live up to.

Resolute comes from the same root as resolution. All depends upon how resolute we are in our resolutions.

D. L. wants the date of the Paris convention changed. October is one of the busiest months in the year in his business. He doubts very much if **Another Thought Coming, D. L.** he could get away in October for a three or four weeks' vacation. "Of course," he says, "that won't disrupt the party."

"Why not September or August?" he asks. "'Them's dull times' for most everybody. Besides, think how much nicer it will be on the ship, outside every day, cooling breezes and wonderful nights, fair weather, smooth seas all the way over! Aren't August and September dull months in Paris? Won't we be able to live more economically then, arrange better for hotels, tours, etc.? Not that we're going over to save money, of course, but give the French any kind of an excuse to raise prices and it's some raise as we said when eggs went to five francs apiece in Chalons-sur-Marne on the first pay day."

D. L. himself went over in August. Then the only tourist traffic was on Uncle Sam's excursion boats. These days, every steamer is jammed with tourists in midsummer, and, in Paris, which was so dull in wartime, only a Legionnaire who is a millionaire would stand a chance with the other millionaires to get a bed. Eastward bound tourist traffic is over and westward bound slackening in October. And has D. L. consulted the farmers who are getting in their crops in August?

Three New York newspapers printed in Italian, *Il Progresso Italo-American*, *Corriere d' America* and *Bollettina della Sera*, refused to accept advertisements of a series of articles **"Made in Italy"!** on Mussolinism by William Bolitho in the *New York World*. It was presumed that these articles would be critical of Mussolini. Thus, the right to a chance to hear both sides, the first principle of free government for all foreigners to learn, was denied. Would an advertisement of articles critical to our own government have also been refused? I should like to look forward to a day when there would be no foreign language papers in the United States.

Wishing You All—

By Wallgren



Who's Who and What's What

(Continued from page 6)

Chicago and New York had city quotas that were pretty nearly out of reach, and it now seems likely that when the accounts are all in, the rivalry for the biggest and best city campaign, based on size and wealth of the city, will rest between Detroit and Milwaukee. The cash is not yet in hand at Indianapolis, but unofficial reports give Milwaukee \$100,000 and Detroit \$180,000. Neither has stopped yet. It is too early to accord superlative credit to any city, unless it be the modest city of Paris, Illinois, which staged the first successful dramatic demonstration campaign.

Dr. C. S. White of Rosedale, Indiana, was the first contributor to the endowment fund. He mailed in his check for \$100 immediately upon reading of the fund in *The Legion Weekly*. Among the distinguished Americans who sponsored the fund as members of the National Honorary Committee, the first to accompany his acceptance of membership with a subscription was William, Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston. His gift was \$100 and so was that of the most notable sponsor, President Coolidge. The National Commander, having asked the President to be chairman of the Honorary Committee, did not pursue the matter of a cash gift. Posts in the District of Columbia and in Massachusetts were not so modest, however. The President desired to make a gift—but through what channels? Diplomatic exchanges finally effected an agreement. The presidential gift should be credited to Northampton, Massachusetts, his home town, but it should be presented to representatives of the District of Columbia.

Besides the eighteen departments listed on the honor roll, there are at least eight which probably have actually raised sums equal to their quotas, but where various local committees have been slow in making remittances. Who will next be added to the honor roll? It is not ours to guess, but in strict confidence we may admit that Vermont and Maine are each within one thousand dollars of that distinction.

Commander McQuigg has called upon all departments and posts to read the resolution adopted at Omaha in October, and to then strike a balance and find if they have done their share for the endowment. If their bit remains to be done, the Commander suggests there is no time like the present. The record of accomplishment for the Endowment during 1925 indicates that after all it is not so difficult. Wonderful things have been done. And in no case where a post really made an organized and determined effort is there any record of failure. If any failure occurred, it has been failure to get into the game and try. Everywhere the public has been ready and willing to respond. It remains only for those posts which have not yet found the time and circumstances opportune, to make the trial. They will put the endowment fund far, far over the top, and swell the honor roll until every department of the Legion is inscribed there.



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By
Karl W. Detzer

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Not Who But What You Are

(Continued from page 8)

business. Incidentally, Mr. Tompkins is an adopted son of Uncle Sam. He was born in Canada, of English parentage, and he came to the United States with his parents at the age of six.

The prize-winning essays follow:

FIRST PRIZE

By Elizabeth Shankland

TYPICALLY American, in that it represents every phase and walk of American life, how better could The American Legion express itself than by determining to uphold and defend the Constitution of its country and the Government for which it stands?

The main purpose of The American Legion, as understood by the people, is to preserve this government from all dangers that threaten its future existence.

Some government officials, after they have been sworn into office and have given their oath to uphold the Constitution, are heard to make such remarks as: "The Constitution is extinct; we have outgrown the Constitution; to hell with the Constitution!"

If that is the attitude of those who should, of all people, be loyal to their government, how long will it take for this feeling of discontent to spread to the populace?

It is this social unrest that The American Legion purposes to combat to preserve our constitutional form of government.

Think what this Constitution guarantees us: religious freedom, a civil liberty, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, security of individual rights, popular education, and universal franchise. It would not be until we were without these, that we would realize what they mean to us. These are the things which the Legion has pledged itself to preserve and keep safe for us.

Without a Constitution, this country would be no better than ancient Germany with its three hundred or more tiny states. We would be fighting and quarreling among ourselves just as they were. It is to guard against such internal discord that the Legion was organized.

Every boy who went across, whatever his feelings of resentment with his Government for sending him away from his home and all he loved best, to go to France to risk his life and probably lose it, came back from that "hell on earth" with a broader and more serious outlook on life and a lasting love and appreciation of country and Government.

Becoming one of the strongest factors in America, they saw clearly the menace to government through social agitation, their thoughts naturally turned first to the defense of the Constitution and Government which had become so dear to them.

They realized now what the government meant to them; they understood now that "The Flag and the Constitution have traveled side by side. The fundamentals of the Constitution and the symbols of the Flag are co-essen-

tial. They will stay up or go down together."

The American Legion of the United States of America has dedicated itself to the preservation and safeguarding of American Ideals as expressed in the Constitution.

SECOND PRIZE

By Gertrude Carter Stockard

THE American Legion is what is left to us of our boys who sacrificed to perpetuate the rights our forefathers fought to obtain—our boys who gave to the World War—some limbs, some sight, some health, some mind, some life—and all, the high hopes of youth and manhood. Some are in our homes and hospitals for the maimed and disabled, some still uncared for, some lie in Flanlers fields where poppies blow and some are with us yet. These, remembering the trench, the shell, the deadly gas, the flying bomb above, the treacherous pit below, the deadly submarine, the lost battalion, the call of the fallen "buddy," the waiting mother, the broken home—these know the price of the freedom secured to us by the Constitution of the United States of America.

Because it establishes justice and equality; because it insures domestic tranquillity; because it provides for the common defense; because it promotes the general welfare, and because it secures the blessing of liberty to ourselves and our posterity—because through it the offender and the offended have like opportunity; every man is the equal of every other man; peace is assured within, and protection provided without; trade, commerce, science, art, education—everything that pertains to the health, happiness, and well-being of the people is encouraged and forwarded; to every man is given civil freedom and the right to "worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience"—therefore, The American Legion purposes to uphold and to defend the American Constitution.

Not only within our own borders does The American Legion uphold and defend these privileges provided for by our own hard-earned Constitution, but it outstretches a Lafayette hand of encouragement, protection and help to every other nation striving to obtain the liberty bought for us by the blood of '76, and daily strives to reach the goal of international peace—an everlasting armistice.

"To keep the world safe for democracy" they tirelessly work in a thousand ways—by legislation; by memorials in stone, in bronze, in growing philanthropies—hospitals, orphanages, scholarships, schools of Americanism; by commemoration—flag days, "buddy" days, hero days, national holidays—all to keep in memory the price of peace—to prevent another wreckage of human life—always and always to "carry on!"

THIRD PRIZE

By Earle A. Tompkins

IN 1776, our ancestors, after a desperate and difficult struggle in arms, declared themselves free and independent. These liberty loving people, being now left to their destiny, saw, after the failure of their separate institutions, the necessity of a more uni-

fied government. Consequently, a group of very learned men from the several states met in secret convention and succeeded in drawing up a set of laws in which their ideals of liberty and justice were incorporated and which would serve as an instrument to govern the whole people in the interests of all.

Our Constitution has been looked upon with great admiration. It is based upon the theory that all men are created equal. It guarantees to every individual the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Indeed, it has so expressly favored the ideals of the people that it has withstood the test of one hundred and twenty-five years. It has not been shaken from its foundation because it is a government of the people, declaring equal rights for all and special privileges to none. The powers of the government are derived from the people; in the people themselves lies the sovereignty.

The existence of the nation depends upon our faith and our belief. We must have visions and ideals. Good government cannot exist without the desire for good government. The Constitution will not perpetuate itself. It can only survive with the hearty support of the people; and, since the government and the individual are so closely related, each citizen has his special duty to perform.

Obedience to the law should be one of the most cherished ideals of American democracy. Violation and lawlessness introduce violence and unnecessary revolutions. The present age, with its mad spirit of innovation and disrespect, is putting our Constitution to its greatest test. Bolsheviks and Anarchists are plotting to undermine it; politicians are using it as a tool to gain their selfish ends; liquor smugglers and sellers are becoming wealthy in the violation of the Prohibition law; corruption in public offices has threatened a lack of faith. These things should not be. Our Constitution is a definite expression of the will of the people, and, to perpetuate its existence, all patriotic organizations, all institutions, and all individuals should give their solemn pledges to support and defend it.

"Men talk, and still talk loudly of their rights, but too rarely of their duties." The duties which our Constitution imposes are ardently appreciated by The American Legion. Courageously and faithfully have they defended the rights and privileges which our forefathers have won and handed down to us.

THE American Legion National Essay Contest for 1925-26 will close on March 16, 1926. National scholarship prizes of \$750, \$500 and \$250 will be awarded to the three contestants who submit the best compositions on the subject, "The Patriot's Flag Creed." Copies of the rules of the contest may be obtained from Legion posts, or from Department Headquarters or by addressing The American Legion National Americanism Commission, Indianapolis, Indiana.

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Going West *de luxe* When The Iron Horse Was Young

• (Continued from page 5)

background of men's minds than the World War is today; General George A. Custer and his gallant troopers of the 7th Cavalry were yet living, for the tragedy of the Little Big Horn was still in the future, while the Union Pacific Railroad itself, justly glorified as the first band of steel to span the continent, had been completed but a few short years. And what a continent it was which was girdled by that narrow thread! The volume is furnished with a folding map and this shows the country east of the Missouri River already traversed by a respectable network of railroads and dotted with numerous towns. But west of Omaha the single black line of the Union Pacific winds westward across a vast wilderness, blank save for the tracings of half-conjectured water-courses and mountain ranges and with scarcely a white settlement indicated except the stations along the railroad itself, most of which one finds, upon referring to the text, to have been mere sidings composed of a few little houses and perhaps a water tank. From Fremont, Nebraska, forty-six miles west of Omaha, to Sacramento, California, a distance of 1,729 miles, not another railway existed save two short branches, one leaving the main line at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and running south to Denver and the other diverging at Ogden, Utah, and extending to Salt Lake City.

To the average home-staying dweller upon the Atlantic seaboard, whose westward wanderings had hitherto been confined, at most, to Buffalo or Pittsburgh, what a thrill must have come when he thumbed the pages of "The Pacific Tourist" and considered the possibilities of a trip to California! The sketches of Indian and frontier life, of tiny stations on the limitless plains of Nebraska or Wyoming, of snow sheds and dizzy trestles and tunnel entrances among the mountains of Utah and Nevada, above all the reproductions of paintings and drawings by Thomas Moran and Albert Bierstadt, the noted American artists of fifty years ago, many of whose canvases still hang on the walls of the Capitol and other public buildings in Washington, are full of vigor and the feeling of the virgin grandeur of the mighty West.

At Omaha, from which one express train set out daily for the West, the traveler found a place less than a tenth its present size, yet one which, as the metropolis of a new-born realm, was relatively quite as important as it is today, while every individual of its 18,000 people was afire with the conviction of his city's brilliant future and working earnestly to hasten its growth. Small wonder that they had boundless faith in their city and its surrounding territory when the Union Pacific Railroad itself was alone able to advertise in the guide book: "12,000,000 Acres! 3,000,000 Acres in Central and Eastern

Nebraska, in the Platte Valley, now for Sale!" and to add such details as: "The face of the country is diversified with hill and dale, grain land and meadow, rich bottoms, low bluffs and undulating tables, all covered with a thick growth of sweet, nutritious grasses" on which "cattle and sheep feed with avidity and fatten without grain; hogs thrive well and wool growing is exceedingly remunerative," while "wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, root crops and vegetables generally, flax, sweet potatoes, sorghum, etc., yield largely and fruits, both wild and cultivated, do remarkably well," capping the alluring yet perfectly valid description with the information, almost incredible today, that "the amount of land owned by the Company is so large that they are determined to sell at the cheapest possible rates, ranging from \$1.50 to \$8.00 per acre, ten years credit at six percent interest and a deduction of ten percent for cash." Truly, those were the days of golden opportunity, when Horace Greeley's dictum, "Go West, young man, go West," was the soundest advice that the strong and the ambitious could follow.

As visualized by the lively pen of the author of "The Pacific Tourist," the journey westward on a "Palace Pacific Car Train" was an unmixed delight and the elements of pleasure which he suggests may perhaps be something of a revelation to the jaded traveler of today to whom, though surrounded by far more conveniences than the tourist of the '70s, the same journey is apt to seem not an end in itself but only a necessary and tiresome prelude to his arrival at his destination.

After some scathing remarks about "the rushing rate of forty or more miles per hour" at which trains run between New York and Chicago, the writer proceeds, regarding the Union Pacific:

The slow rate of speed, which averages but sixteen to twenty miles per hour, day and night, produces a peculiarly smooth, gentle and easy motion, most soothing and agreeable. A Palace Pacific car train in motion is a grand and beautiful sight, too, from within as well as from without. On some lovely, balmy summer day, when the fresh breezes across the prairies induce us to open our doors and windows, there may often be seen curious and pleasant sights. Standing at the rear of the train, and with all doors open, there is an unobstructed view along the aisles throughout the entire length. On either side of the train are the prairies, where the eye sees but wilderness, and even desolation, then looking back upon this long aisle or avenue, he sees civilization and comfort and luxury. How sharp the contrast.

Could many travelers of today conjure up from their own experience such fresh and exhilarating emotions concerning the joys of any imaginable railroad journey? Few, indeed, it is to be feared. In this high-gearred age speed has become so accelerated, sen-

sations crowd so fast one upon another, that the leisurely delights of such a trip as that on the old "Palace Pacific Car Train" would quickly pall or seem, at best, too commonplace to be worthy of comment. Yet, even so, the travelers on that train were able to look from the little windows of their Pullman house upon many a scene from which, if they were still in existence, even the sophisticated present would get a "kick." But they do not exist.

HERE, for example, was the prairie station of Plum Creek, 230 miles west of Omaha. Here both the railroad and the earlier emigrant road were crowded against the bank of the Platte River by the approach of the bluffs of the stream. It was a place of terror both to the wagon trains of the emigrants and later to the train crews and passengers on the railway, because in the narrow pass they were frequently attacked by war parties of Southern Cheyennes, coming up from their haunts to the south.

At some of the stations where stops were made for meals, Indians would gather on the platform to sell trinkets or to beg. But they were not greatly beloved by the average white person of that day, who probably found greater enjoyment in watching other creatures of the plains when the train was in motion. Daily across the unbroken, flower-strewn prairies herds of antelope were to be seen grazing, while occasionally buffalo also appeared, though they were already far less numerous than in the first days following the completion of the railway, when travelers were able to sit at the windows of the passing cars and, merely for the pleasure of proving their marksmanship, wantonly slaughter the animals within range. At other times prairie chickens, disturbed by the whistle of the engine, whirred up from the grass beside the track in great coveys, and in spring and fall wild ducks and geese swarmed in the streams and shallow prairie lakes.

But beyond the plains came the mountains, even more awe-inspiring in beauty and cloaked in deeper robes of mystery. League after league they unrolled their scenes of rugged grandeur. Listen to this description of one of the cañons in the country of the Mormons, near Salt Lake City:

No pen can picture the sensations of the observer as he passes through these scenes, which are constantly shifting. Each turn in the road brings forward some new view, more entrancing than the last—and on either side, front and rear, the vision is superb in the highest degree. We could not term these scenes better than to call them "Rock Kaleidoscopes." For in this short distance of twelve miles there is a constant succession of castellated heights, titanic monsters, spires, rock mountains of increasing height, sublime form and piercing altitudes, meeting us, crossing our path, and shooting up above and around

us the entire distance. It seems like a succession of nature's castles, far more rugged and picturesquc than the castle covered rocks of the Rhine.

Yet, in the midst of scenery which could evoke such evidently sincere, even if somewhat declamatory, enthusiasm, the railroad towns along the way seem from the descriptions of them to have been often of the most sordid character. Frequentcd by many wild and desperate characters who gravitated to them from every remote corner of the back country, they were scenes of frequent shooting affrays and the constant flow of "tarantula juice, warranted to kill at forty feet."

But Deseret, the "Promised Land" of the Latter Day Saints! What a realm of marvel it was in that day, with its capital of 30,000 inhabitants lying, like an Arabian Nights city of enchantment in the deepest recesses of the wilderness, midway between the crystal shores of the Great Salt Lake and the shining peaks of the Wasatch Range; with silvery mountain waters sparkling down the sides of its broad streets, the imposing temples of a strange religion rising above them and surrounded by a broad belt of rich farm lands from which, by the application of simple irrigation, bountiful crops sprang out of a seemingly sterile desert soil. There one might see, face to face, the high priests and secular leaders of Mormonism, Mayor Daniel H. Wells, and Orson Pratt and George Cannon and President Brigham Young himself—the men who had spied out an empire a thousand miles west of the borders of civilization and thought to secrete themselves there with their new religion and customs and who were still bitterly resentful of the intrusion of the "Gentiles" who had followed them and gone on beyond, even to the shores of the Pacific. There was to be seen the family residence of Brigham Young, an extensive one, necessarily, since twelve wives dwelt there with him. And there, also, was the great Tabernacle, still a most remarkable building today but in that time and place, considering the primitive means at the disposal of the builders, an achievement almost incredible, with its length of 250 and its breadth of 150 feet, its forty-six cut sandstone pillars supporting an unbroken arched roof sixty-five feet high—at that time the second largest roof of this type in America—and its seating capacity of 8,000 people.

The story of the Mormon exodus and the founding of Salt Lake City and the "State of Deseret" is one of the epics of American history, and in the early '70s it was all very recent and vitally interesting to the American people. But though the desert capital was only one of the many wonders made accessible to the traveler by the Union Pacific, most of the others must go undescribed in the space of a single article. When, however, the trans-continental train had wound its deliberate way westward through all the deep defiles of the Utah and Nevada mountains, past the spot at Promontory, north of the Great Salt Lake, where on May 10, 1869, occurred the "Great Railroad Wedding," when the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met and the last spike was driven; when it had crossed the Humboldt Desert, passed

Reno and Lake Tahoe and Truckee and rolled down the long slopes of the California Sierras through Sacramento and Stockton and Alameda, the most fascinating sight of all came to the eager eyes of the travelers as they looked from Oakland across the expanse of San Francisco Bay and saw the metropolis of the Pacific looming against the western sky, with the waters of the Golden Gate and the ocean glistening beyond.

That San Francisco was, to the city of today, less by half in population, yet perhaps by half more remarkable in the exotic quality of its atmosphere, the cross currents of Occidental and Oriental life which flowed through its streets, the sharp contrasts of Eastern and European culture and luxury over against the crudities and virile simplicity of the Far West. There one might brush elbows with millionaires such as Leland Stanford and C. P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins and E. B. Crocker; men who had made vast fortunes in mining or other developments of the fabulously rich empire to which they had come as pioneers, or he might talk with prospectors seeking a grub stake to take them to the latest gold or silver strike in the Sierras or the Rockies. He might lounge in the lobby of any one of a dozen luxurious hotels or seek diversion in some of the most villainous dives in all the world, where sailors were shanghaied for voyages to the seven seas and men were shot for a careless word. He might attend divine service in churches which would have graced New York or London or walk around the corner and witness the worship of idols in a Chinese temple. And in the midst of the thronging streets he might reflect that all of this strange, sprawling, feverishly active city where dwelt 275,000 people was the growth of a quarter of a century, for the town, except for the old Spanish Mission, actually came into existence only in 1849, after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Creek.

Perhaps strangest of all, though he might by chance hear the name of Los Angeles mentioned, he would hardly have dreamed of visiting it because it was a place of less than 6,000 people nearly 400 miles away and the most practicable way to reach it was not by the hard-riding stage coaches over a rough road, but by steamer or sailing ship along the coast. To be sure, the hopeful southern Californians advertised that in their country "Cereals, also Cotton, Tobacco, Hemp and other Vegetable Fibres, beside Fruits of all kinds, are raised with ease" and that "Wine Making, Orcharding, Bee Culture and other branches are successfully carried on," on lands which were modestly priced at "from \$1.00 to \$10.00 per acre, according to location." But that they had any notion of ever competing with San Francisco in size and importance would have seemed preposterous. How have times changed since Hollywood has hypnotized the human race with the scenery of southern California and "Native Sons" have chanted its praises even unto Hammerfest and Durban! Though it ran to tide water on the sunset side of the continent, the "Palace Pacific Car Train" did not extend quite far enough to disclose all the potential glories of the Farthest West.

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But He Did

Willie held his nickel tightly while the Sunday School teacher told of the collection for the poor heathen.

"Do they have ice cream cones where the heathen lives?" he asked.

"Why—no," answered the teacher.

"Or movie shows? Or candy stores?"

"No, indeed!"

"Well, then," said Willie, pocketing his money, "they ain't got any use for money, anyhow."

References Required

[Ad in *DeRuyter (N. Y.) Gleaner*]

WANTED—A well bred yearling Holstein bull, with papers.

Simplicity Itself

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Flora the romantic. "A few words mumbled over your head and you're married."

"Yes," agreed Dora the cynical. "And a few words mumbled in your sleep and you're divorced."

The Word Is "Indicator"

[From the *Woburn (Mass.) Times*]

Frank Hardy will handle the incubator and will call the game at 3 p. m.

A Narrow Escape

The superintendent of a Western railway had issued strict orders instructing station masters along the line to report all accidents or near-accidents immediately. The very next day he received the following telegram:

"Superintendent's office—Man fell from platform in front of speeding engine. Will wire details later."

Five minutes ticked by. Then:

"Superintendent's office — Everything O. K. Nobody hurt. Engine was going backwards."

The Luxurious Younger Generation

[Ad in *State College (Pa.) Times*]

FOR SALE—A baby carriage, baby's rubber bath tub with dressing table and an extension porch gate.

Armistice

He owed his landlady money,

But couldn't pay the score,

So he married her one morning

And stayed there two months more.

—J. A. S.

Summary Punishment for Vagrancy

[Ad in *Columbia City (Ind.) Post*]

STRAYED—Grey male kitten about one-third grown. Finder please call the jail.

A Chip Off the Old Block

"Spike, dear," said the burglar's wife, "I want you to punish Junior. I entertained the Ladies' Shoplifting Society this afternoon, and he and that McGarry boy stole all the ice cream and cake I had for refreshments."

"At's too bad, babe," sympathized her husband. "Youse oughta had 'em locked up."

"They were," was the tearful response, "but what good did it do me with the house full of old burglar tools."

Saved from the Incinerator

[From *Stewartville (Minn.) Star*]

A huge "Jack-o'-lantern" smiled at the guests as they arrived at the front door

and all the decorations, which were refuse and very pretty, were in keeping with Hallowe'en.

The Worm Turns

[Heading in *Los Angeles Examiner*]

Passenger Hits Auto; 6 Killed.

The Frankest of Advertisers

[Ad in *McKeesport (Pa.) News*]

FOR SALE—Ford sedan, 2 door, Good shape, \$50 down.

The Agile Mr. Doty

[From the *New Orleans Times Picayune*]

L. H. Doty, Jr., was injured in an automobile accident when he was run down. He was standing beside the car in which he was riding.

Cows Mourn Lost Lives

[From *Boone County (Neb.) Advance*]

Elton Schroeder had some bad luck the past week. His milk cows broke out of their pasture and five of them died from gorging of green corn. They were all good milk cows and it is a severe loss for them.

Willie Says a Mouthful

"Pop," asked the ubiquitous little Willie, "can a man be a crook and still be a lawyer?"

"No, my son, that's against the law."

"Well, then, why do they call them 'criminal lawyers'?"

A Chicago Rarity

[From *Iron River (Mich.) Reporter*]

L. V. Johnson, local agent for the C. & N. W. Ry., was a Chicago visitor decently.

Loss

"Lend me your ears," and I agreed, And heard a tale oft told before;

A story early gone to seed,

But lately captured by this bore.

"Cast your eyes here," and this I did;

An act that brought its bitter cost;

And ere of this pest was I rid,

Two splendid senses had I lost.

—Thomas J. Murray.

Plumb Useless

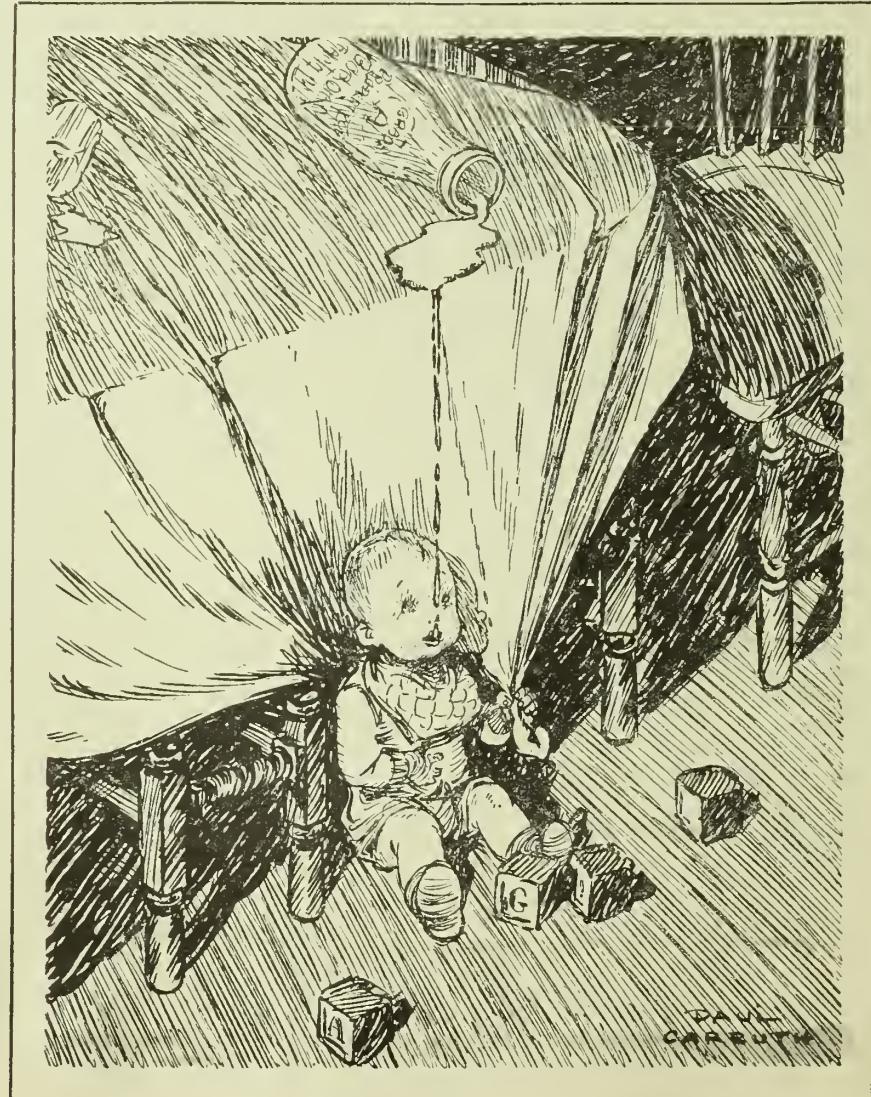
Zeb Hoskins, mountaineer, had been called to the witness stand in an automobile accident suit.

"You say you saw the car plunge into the gulch?" asked the attorney.

"Yes, sir," replied Zeb. "I was a-layin' on the straw stack behind the barn."

"Well, then, why didn't you run to their assistance?"

"Well," confided Zeb, "I s'posed of course they was both killed."



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